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The Man From Brodney's

By GEORGE BARR
M'CUTCHEON

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All previous perils and all that the future seemed to promise were forgotten in the startling discovery that came with the fall of night.

Lady Deppingham and Robert Browne were missing! They had disappeared as if swallowed by the earth itself! Neenah, the wife of Selim, was the last of those in the chateau to see the heirs.

They crossed the swift torrent by the narrow bridge at the base of the cliff and stepped below the mouth of the cavern which blew its cool breath out upon the hanging garden. Later on she saw them climb the stanch ladder and stand in the black opening, apparently enjoying the cooling wind that came from the damp bowels of the mountain. Her attention was called elsewhere, and that was the last glimpse she had of the two people about whom centered the struggle for untold riches.

"Chase, they are lost in there!" groaned Deppingham, numb with apprehension. He was trembling like a leaf.

"There's just one thing to do," said Chase. "We've got to explore that cavern to the end. They may have lost their bearings and strayed off into one of the lateral passages."

"I-I can't bear the thought of her wandering about in that horrible place," Deppingham cried as he started resolutely toward the ladder.

"She'll come out of it all right," said Chase, a sudden compassion in his eyes.

Drusilla Browne was standing near by, cold and silent with dread, a set expression in her eyes. Her lips moved slowly, and Deppingham heard the bitter words: "You will find them, Lord Deppingham. You will find them!"

He stopped and passed his hand over his eyes. Then, without a word, he snatched a rifle from the hands of one of the patrol and led the way up the ladder. Chase turned to the white faced princess and said between his teeth:

"If Skaggs and Wyckholme had been in the employ of the devil himself they could not have foreseen the result of their infernal plotting. I am afraid—mortally afraid!"

"Take care of him, Hollingsworth," she whispered shuddering.

"Goodbye, Geneva, my princess," said Chase softly and then was off with Britt and Selim. As he passed Drusilla he seized her hand and paused long enough to say:

"It's all right, little woman, take my word for it. If I were you, I'd cry. You'll see things differently through your tears."

The four men, with their lights, vanished from sight a few moments later. Chase grasped Deppingham's arm and held him back, gravely suggesting that Selim should lead the way.

They were to learn the truth almost before they had fairly begun their investigations.

The heirs already were in the hands of their enemies, the islanders! The eager searchers, shouting as they went, had come to what was known as the "cathedral." This was a wide, lofty chamber, hung with dripping stalactites, far below the level at which they began the descent. The floor was almost as flat and even as that of a modern dwelling. Here the cavern branched off in three or

four directions, like the tentacles of a monster devilfish, the narrow passages leading no one knew whither in that tomblike mountain.

Selim uttered the first shout of surprise and consternation. An instant later they were standing at the edge of a vast hole in the floor—newly made and pregnant with disaster.

A current of air swept up into their faces. The soft, loose earth about the rent in the floor was covered with the prints of naked feet; the bottom of the hole was packed down in places by a multitude of tracks. Chase's bewilderment was the first to discover the presence of loose, scattered masses of earth in the pile below, and the truth dawned upon him sharply. He gave a

loud exclamation and then dropped lightly into the shallow hole.

"I've got it!" he shouted, stooping to peer intently ahead. "Von Blitz's powder kegs did all this. The secret passage runs along here. One of the discharges blew this hole through the roof of the passage. Here are the walls of the passage. By heaven, the way is open to the sea!"

"My God, Chase!" cried Deppingham, staggering toward the opening. "These footprints are—They've murdered her! They've come in here and surprised!"

"Go easy, old man! We need to be cool now. It's all as plain as day to me. Rasula and his men were exploring the passage after the discovery of the treasure chests. They came upon this new made hole and then crawled into the cavern. They surprised Browne and—Yes, here are the prints of a woman's shoe—and a man's too. They are gone. God help 'em!"

Signs of a fierce struggle were found near the entrance to the cathedral. Bobby Browne had made a gallant fight. Blood stains marked the smooth floor and walls, and there was evidence that a body had been dragged across the chamber.

Britt put his hand over his eyes and shuddered. "They've settled this contest, Chase, forever!" he groaned.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE PURSUIT.

DEPPINGHAM sprang to his feet with a fierce oath on his lips. His usually limpid eyes were gleaming with something more than despair. There was the wild light of unmistakable relief in them. It was as if a horrid doubt had been scaled from the soul of Lady Deppingham's husband.

"We must follow!" shouted his lordship, preparing to lower himself into the jagged opening. "We may be in time!"

"Stop, Deppingham!" cried Chase, leaping to his side. "Don't rush blindly into a trap like that. They've got an hour or more start of us. Nothing will be accomplished by rushing into an ambush. They'd kill us like rats. Rasula is a sagacious scoundrel. He'll not take the entire responsibility. There will be a council of all the headmen. It will be of no advantage to them to kill the heirs unless they are sure that we won't live to tell the tale. They will go slow now that they have the chief obstacles to victory in their hands."

"If they will give her up to me I will guarantee that Lady Agnes shall relinquish all claim to the estate," announced the harassed husband.

"They won't do that, old man. Promises won't tempt them," protested Chase. "We've got to do what we can to rescue them. I'm with you, gentlemen, in the undertaking—first, for humanity's sake; second, because I don't want my clients to lose all chance of winning out in this controversy by acting like confounded asses. It isn't what Sir John expects of me."

In the meantime the anxious coterie in the chateau were waiting eagerly for the return of the searchers. Drusilla made one remark, half unconsciously, no doubt, that rasped in the ears of the princess for days. It was the cold, bitter, resigned epitome of the young wife's thoughts:

"Robert has loved her for months."

That was all. Mr. and Mrs. Saunders, thankful that something had happened to divert attention from their own conspicuous plight, were discoursing freely in the center of a group composed of the four Englishmen from the bank.

"It's a plain out and out elopement," said Mrs. Saunders, fanning herself vigorously.

"But, my dear," expostulated her husband, blushing vividly over the first public use of the appellation, "where the devil could they elope to?"

"I don't know, Tommy, but elopers never take that into consideration. Do they, Mr. Bowles?"

At last the four men appeared in the mouth of the cavern. The watchers below fell into chilled silence when they discovered that the missing ones were not with them. Stupefied with apprehension, they watched the men descend the ladder and cross the bridge.

"They are dead," fell from Drusilla Browne's lips. She swayed for an instant and then sank to the ground unconscious.

In the conference which followed the return of the searchers it was settled that three of the original party should undertake the further prosecution of the hunt for the two heirs.

Lord Deppingham found ready volunteers in Chase and the faithful Selim. They prepared to go out in the hills before the night was an hour older.

Selim convinced Chase that the wily Rasula would carry his captives to the mines, where he was in full power.

"You're right, Selim. If he's tried that game we'll beat him at it. Ten to one if he hasn't already chucked them into the sea they're now confined in one of the mills over there."

They were ready to start in a very short time. Selim carried a quantity of food and a small supply of brandy. Each was heavily armed and prepared for a stiff battle with the abductors.

"We seem constantly to be saying 'goodbye' to each other," thus spoke

the princess to Chase as he stood at the top of the steps waiting for Selim. The darkness hid the wan, despairing smile that gave the lie to her brightly words.

"And I'm always doing the unexpected thing—coming back. This time I may vary the monotony by failing to return."

"I should think you could vary it more pleasantly by not going away," she said. "You will be careful?"

"The danger is here, not out there," he said meaningly.

"You mean me? But, like all danger, I soon shall pass. In a few days I shall say goodbye forever and sail away."

"How much better it would be for you if this were the last goodbye and I should not come back!"

"For me?"

"Yes, you could marry the prince without having me on your conscience forevermore."

"Mr. Chase?"

"It's easier to forget the dead than the living, they say."

"Don't be too sure of that."

"Ah, there's Selim! Goodbye! We'll have good news for you all, I hope, before long. Keep your eyes on Neenah. She and Selim have arranged a set of signals. Don't lie awake all night, and don't pray for me," he roared, in reckless mood.

The three men stole out through the small gate in the upper end of the park. Selim at once took the lead. They crept off into the black forest, keeping clear of the mountain path until they were far from the walls.

The starlight filtered down through the leafy canopy above the road, increasing rather than decreasing the density of the shadows through which they sped. None but strong, determined, inspired men could have followed the pace set by the lithe, sure-footed Selim.

Mile after mile fell behind them with no relaxation of energy or purpose. They were coming to the ridge road, and Selim fell back to explain the need for caution. This was the road, in all likelihood, he explained, that the abductors would have used in their flight from the cavern. Two miles farther south it joined the wide highway that ran from Ararat to the mines.

Selim crept on ahead to reconnoiter. He was back in ten minutes with the information that a party of men had but lately passed along the road toward the south. Their footprints in the soft, untraveled road were fresh. The stub of a cigarette had scarcely burned itself out.

They broke away from the road and took a less exposed course through the forest to their right, keeping well within earshot of the ridge, but moving so carefully that there was slight danger of alarming the party ahead.

At last the sound of voices came to the ears of the pursuers. As they crept closer and closer they became aware of the fact that the party had halted in the roadway at the point where a sharp defile through the rocks opened a way down into the valley.

Like snakes the pursuers wriggled their way to a point just above the small basin in which the party was congregated.

A great throb of exultation leaped up from their hearts. In plain view, at the side of the road, were the two persons for whom they were searching.

"Good luck is with us," whispered Chase unconsciously.

Lady Agnes, disheveled, her dress half stripped from her person, was seated upon a great boulder, staring hopelessly, lifelessly, at the crowd of men in the roadway. Beside her stood a tall islander, watching her and at the same time listening eagerly to the dispute that went on between his fellows. She was not bound. Her hands and feet and lips were free.

Bobby Browne was standing near by. His hands were tightly bound behind his back. His face was blood covered, and the upper part of his body was almost bare, evidence of the struggle he had made against overwhelming odds. He was staring at the ground, his head and shoulders drooping in utter dejection.

Three of the treasure chests were standing beside the road, affording seats for as many weary carriers. It was all quite plain to Chase. Rasula and his men had chanced upon the two white people during one of their trips to the cave for the purpose of removing the chests.

Rasula was haranguing the crowd of men in the road.

"It is the only way!" he was shouting angrily. "We cannot put them to death until we are sure that the others have no chance to escape to England. I am a lawyer. I know what it would mean if the story got to the ears of the government. We have them safely in our hands. The others will soon die. Then—there can be no mistake! They must be taken to the mines and kept there until I have explained everything to the people. Part of us shall engage them to the lower mill and the rest of us go on to the bank with these chests of gold."

Rasula and six of the sturdiest men prepared to continue the journey to Ararat, transporting the chests. Five sullen, resentful fellows moved over beside the captives and threw themselves down upon the grassy sward.

"We will wait here till day comes," growled one of them defiantly. "Why should we risk our necks going down the pass tonight? It is 1 o'clock. The sun will be here in three hours. Go on!"

"As you like, Abou Dal," said Rasula, shrugging his pinched shoulders. "I shall come to the mill at 6 o'clock." Turning to the prisoners, he bowed low and said, with a soft laugh: "Adios, my lady, and you, most noble sir. May your dreams be pleasant ones. Dream that you are wedded and have come into the wealth of Japan, but spare none of your dream to the husband and wife who are lying awake and weeping for the foolish ones who would go searching for the forbidden fruit. Folly is a hard road to travel, and it leads to the graveyard of fools. Adios!"

(To be Continued.)

If you are all run down Foley's Kidney Remedy will help you. It strengthens the kidneys so they will eliminate the impurities from the blood that depress the nerves, and cause exhaustion, backache, rheumatism, and urinary irregularities, which sap the vitality. It not only cures, but also Foley's Kidney Remedy at once. Dr. B. B. B. local agent.

IMMIGRATION OFFICER EXPOSES WHITE SLAVE EVIL IN NEW YORK



A scandal of magnitude is likely to follow the report of the Congressional commission on immigration if statements given out by members of the commission and officials at Ellis Island are to be taken seriously. Since his recent reappointment to the post of commissioner at Ellis Island, William Williams, known far and wide as a most efficient officer, has been investigating the various so-called immigrant homes in New York city. He has found that some of these places are conducted in a manner far different from what they purport to be. Mr. Williams makes no secret of the fact that many young girls have been lured from these places to disreputable resorts under promise of receiving honorable employment. He has barred some of the agents of these places from Ellis Island and declares if the evil is not discontinued he will cause the places to be closed. Officials at Washington are looking for a genuine sensation to grow out of the inquiry.

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Not Many Store-Sales Are Uninfluenced by Store-Advertising!

The store-sales to-day that are uninfluenced, directly or indirectly, by store-advertising will not have amounted to ten per cent. of the business of the day. By the direct influence of advertising is meant the sales of articles specifically advertised. By the indirect influence of advertising is meant the articles sold that are not specifically advertised, but are displayed to the customers who are drawn to the store by the advertising articles. In the latter case, the store is the first, the advertising must be credited with the success.

Smart merchants know that this is true. They should gain from the knowledge of strengthening their advertising campaign by the means of advertising their store-hopes and plans.

Want Ads. Cent a Word.